

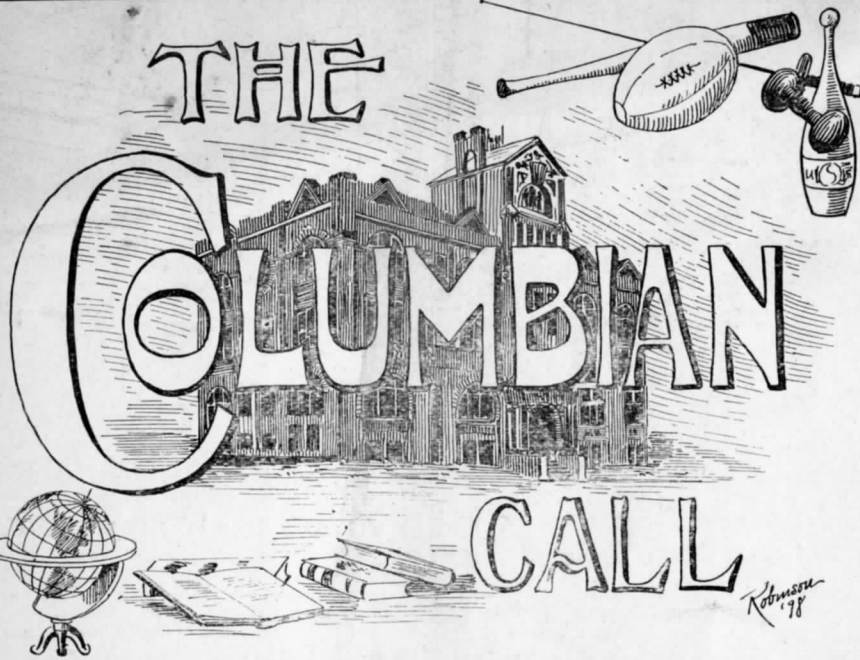
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Vol. III.

Washington, D. C., January 18, 1898.

No. 5.



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The Columbian Call

WASHINGTON, D. C., JANUARY 18, 1898.

THE FIEND.

I was living at home in '89. It was on a still summer night in June—the 19th I am quite sure—for occasionally I remember a date beside the all eventful one with me, when the fire bell rang out with its usual frenzy. Its tone was sharp and thrilling, and aroused one from the deepest slumber—I shall listen for that bell when “Gabriel blows his trumpet.”

I dressed with haste and stumbled through the dark halls, down the stairs. My mother's voice rang after me from a side window to be careful. She need not have told me that. Months before when I had first taken my father's place at the town hose reel, I had felt the cold trickle of the water down the neck of my dress suit, because I had not been careful, and a second dose was unnecessary. On that last eventful night the boys seemed to strike me with the streams of water at every turn, and though the dye test was perfectly satisfactory, the tails of that “Prince Adams” coat insisted on curling up behind like the tail of a neighbor's pug dog.

Just as the engine house was in sight the doors were thrown open and eight or ten men at the ropes came out with the hose reel. I dashed forward and caught a hand hold. Away we went, dragging and being dragged. The reel bell clanged and rattled. Every plank crossing rocked as the heavy wheels struck it. A man fell, was jerked upon his feet and swept along. “More rope,” they cried. We gave them rope, and more joined the line. Over the hill and out into the sparsely settled districts we ran. The sky was all aglow, and up hundreds and hundreds of feet into the air the sparks floated, and drifted off to the west. Around in the buildings and dwellings near there were lights, and people in various stages of excitement and undress, all with their heads of out the windows. Around and just beyond the unbearably heated atmosphere the crowd was packed—whites and blacks, staring like so many geese, and waving near and now away as the danger increases.

The hose company assumed command, and the volunteers merged into the crowd. Hose was run off and attached to the fire plug at the

corner. We coupled on lengths for two streams, and as the water was slowly turned on, four men took hold of the nozzle straps and advanced toward the fire. The water spluttered and popped when it first came out, then quietly settled into a close hard stream, that shattered glass and tore shingles, as we swung in near the burning store. The crowd, wet and mad, fell back, and gave place to the Hebrew's greatest enemies. We charged like the four hundred and were beaten back by the increasing heat, when Billie Jones—Heaven bless Billie's soul, for he will never smoke any more cigarettes—knocked a panel out of an old door, and stood it up before us. With this bastion we pressed forward and poured water into one window, then another. We raised the nozzle so that the water struck the ceiling, then the roof, and finally as if tired of switching, it round, we directed the stream toward a part of the burning structure that blazed highest, yet it seemed that the flames grew more and more furious. The dull roar and crackle increased, and a perfect chorus of “Oh's” seemed to rise from the sea of faces filling the street.

“Climb the wall and knock a hole in the roof,” said a stout man with red beard, he was arrayed in a red nightshirt, his suspenders twisted, yet holding up his pantaloons so high that he looked, with his pant legs striking his shoe tops as if he had been expecting high water. He took off his hat and mopped his brow with a red handkerchief—it was none other than Uncle Bob. Reavis.

Everybody knew Uncle Bob, and of course everybody wanted to climb the wall. The hook and ladder wagon, also run by volunteer muscle, had arrived by this time, so turning upon it we wrenched several ladders from their racks, and stood them up against the two story brick fruit store. I climbed the ladder and the crowd cheered. Uncle Bob. said, “Come down, boy,” but I didn't come, and perched myself on the wall, not thirty feet from the flames. A big, strong fellow named Yancy climbed after me and with an axe crawled along the wall and began to cut holes in the roof. The water was turned off and the men with the nozzle I had deserted hauled it up on the roof.

(CONTINUED IN OUR NEXT.)

MEETING OF ALUMNI.

The annual meeting of the Alumni Association of the University, held on the evening of the 5th instant, was an event long to be remembered by those who were privileged to attend. The lecture hall was well filled with members of the Alumni and friends of Columbian, who showed their appreciation and enjoyment of the exercises by their applause. The ladies were no less enthusiastic than the men. All seemed inspired with a spirit of enthusiasm which could not be suppressed and when momentarily subdued would seem to gather new vigor and increased strength, and burst forth into round after round of applause until the halls of the old university were filled to overflowing with the glad sounds, and the distant corridors, as if to show their appreciation, sent back the echo.

President Whitman delivered a most interesting and scholarly address. He reviewed, to some extent, the past history of the University and then directed the attention of his audience to the future. He said the accomplishments of the past should be as nothing compared with those of the years to come. The University looked to the alumni for much. They had helped, in a large degree, to make Columbian what it is to-day and their united influence exerted in one direction would accomplished much for the institution in the future.

The retiring President, Mr. Chapin Brown, in his address, recited the events of interest, to the association, which had occurred during the year. The associations membership had been increased to quite an extent and an association had been formed in New York state. He hoped members in other states would do likewise, and thus cement closer the friendships of college days as well as to make new friendships with graduates of other and later years. He spoke of the progress of the University, in every branch of its work "until it now stands in the front ranks of American institutions of higher education." "The Government departments, and particularly the Smithsonian Institute, the Army Medical Museum, the United States Patent Office, the Supreme Court, and the Congressional Library, furnish advantages to the student in his university course which cannot well be supplied by other institutions of learning located away from the National Capitol." He called attention to the changes during the year in the closing of the preparatory school; the extension of the law school course from two to three years, and the amendment to the charter merging the board of governors and the board of

trustees into a single board of trustees. And in the honor to the University in the selection of two of the distinguished members of the Alumni Association to high positions in the educational world, William L. Wilson, having become president of Washington and Lee University, and Dr. Andrew P. Montague, president of Furman University.

The Secretary, Prof. H. L. Hodgkins, read his report for the year. He said he now had the names and addresses of 2,200 graduates and officers. He asked the assistance of all members in his efforts to complete the list. The total number of degrees conferred by Columbian University was 4,296 and the number of persons receiving them, 3,497.

Treasurer, John B. Lerner's report showed receipts from all sources during the year of \$773.38, and expenditures of \$310.82.

Mr. S. W. Woodward, treasurer of the University invited the attention of the association to the needs of the University. He said Columbian required increased facilities in order to carry on the work of a great educational institution. He was of the opinion that the alumni could, and should, by their own efforts, secure an endowment for the University of one million dollars.

Mr. C. W. Needham, a member of the board of trustees, made a short address upon the needed reforms in the management of the University. He said he believed in standing squarely in the open and letting everyone know that Columbian University was a Baptist institution.

Mr. W. P. Cutter spoke on behalf of the school of library science and of the Columbian library. He said the library, so called, was not a real library but merely a collection of books.

The officers elected for the ensuing year were:

President, Mr. A. B. Duvall; vice-presidents, representing collegiate course, Mr. W. Veris Bouic, Rockville, Md.; representing medical department, Dr. W. R. Butler; the law school, L. M. Cuthbert, of Denver, Col.; the scientific school, Miss Lydia Holbrook; the dental department, Dr. M. W. Pomeroy; the post graduate school, Dr. C. E. Munroe. After the election of officers the meeting adjourned and refreshments were served in the adjoining room.

EPITAPH ON A LAWYER.

Entomb'd within this vault, a lawyer lies,
Who, fame assureth us, was just and wise;
An able advocate, and honest, too!
That's wondrous strange indeed! if it is true.
—M. A. W.

THE LAWYER'S GHOST STORY.

BY M. M. RAMSEY.

In the latter part of the fall of 1892 I made a visit to New York city for the purpose of complaining to my publishers about their failure to fulfill their agreement in paying me for my last novel. My interview with the senior partner was very unsatisfactory, as he claimed to have purchased the manuscript outright at the time I delivered it to him, whereas the terms of the agreement, although ambiguously worded, gave me to understand—as they were evidently intended to do—that I was to receive a royalty of twenty per cent. from all sales after the first thousand. As the book was then in its eleventh thousand, and the sum I considered myself entitled to was to me a matter of no small moment.

On thinking the subject over after returning to my lodgings, I determined to bring suit against the publishers. I was, however, not well acquainted in New York, and did not know who were the leading lights of the bar; but I remembered that Ned Stansbury, one of my old college friends, was practising, or rather, *had been* practising law in New York. Ned was one of the brightest men in the junior class at Princeton when I graduated, and although fortune had refused to grant him much of this world's goods, I used to think she had amply compensated therefor by endowing him with a prepossessing appearance, a clear perception and a liberal share of self-confidence. I had seen him but once since the old college days, when I visited him about a year after he had affixed a plate bearing his name to the door-post of an old office building on Nassau street. I had found him in a small third-story back room, to which no client had found his way for six weeks; yet he was as cheery and hopeful of the future as he had been when he used to talk to me, in his little college room, of the dignity of the lawyer's profession, of his power to protect the oppressed, to prevent injustice and to right the wrongs of a much afflicted humanity. Ah! the buoyant days of youth, with their sanguine hopes and lack of practical experience. Yet what would not any of us give to call them back again!

I reached the old building on Nassau street, which looked gloomier than a prison as I made my way to it through the drizzle and black mud of New York that November morning. The inscription "Edward Stansbury, Attorney at Law" was no longer on the door-post or stairs of the building, and no one there could give me any clue to my friend's present whereabouts. I picked my way to the nearest drug store, and on consulting a directory I learned

he was located in the Equitable Building, corner of Broadway and Pine street. "This," I thought, as the cab which I had called splattered its way through the crowded streets, "betokens a rise in prosperity on Ned's part." I ascended by the elevator to the third floor, and turning to the left of the spacious hall, passed through a door bearing the familiar name in gold letters on the bevelled plate glass, and entered a long room, the side walls of which were formed of book and file-cases. Six clerks were seated at desks reading or copying. The one nearest me, as I stopped and looked at my surroundings, looked up from a graphophone, and, without taking the tubes from his ears, directed me to a door at the front end of the room, reached by two steps, after passing which I found myself in a spacious, elegantly-furnished office looking out upon the street. Behind a flat-topped, oak desk sat Ned Stansbury, looking sleek and well-kept, engaged with his stenographer.

He evidently did not recognize me, and politely excused himself until he should have finished dictating; so I took a seat by the window and lazily watched the jostling throng below me as I tried to imagine the probable course of events which had led to my friend's good fortune. The stenographer finally left the room, and as soon as Ned looked at me a second time he recognized me and expressed himself as delighted to see me again. I confided to him the business which had brought me there, and engaged his services in conducting the case; and then, dropping "shop," I remarked on the apparent prosperity of his affairs, and jocularly enquired the cause.

"Ah, old fellow," said he, "that is a long as well as a strange story. But come to my house this evening, and I will tell you all about it, and we'll have a chat over old times;" and shaking hands with me, he turned to receive a client who had just entered.

That evening, accordingly, I called at the address he had given me, and ringing the bell, was ushered into the parlors by a young colored man in livery. The house, a large and substantial looking structure, was situated on the north side of Twenty-Eighth street between Madison and Fifth avenues. As I afterwards learned, it had been built in the year 1855, but had since been repaired and received the addition of a new front, which gave it an attractive modern appearance. My friend soon entered, followed by a lady of remarkable beauty, whom he introduced as his wife. She was a blonde, nearly as tall as Ned himself, with expressive, deep blue eyes, and that apparent anomaly of dark eyebrows and lashes

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 10.)

The Columbian Call.

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Advertising rates made known on application.*

TUESDAY, JANUARY 18, 1898.

Looking out upon the horizon of our scholastic existence we distinguish the grim shadow of the dread examination period. We tremble, "bone" and hear the awful sop, sop of the perspiration in our boots as the time draws near.

It is impossible for us to tell what there is about the CALL's subscription book that is so horrifying, but it seems that at whatever time, day or night, the said book takes a notion to stroll out among the students, it finds they suddenly see horrid visions and flee from it and the building as though their very lives depended upon their ability to get outside the University within the next half minute. The efficiency of this book as a means of clearing the halls of the University is really wonderful, but the cold reception given it by a majority of the students is telling upon it, and the probabilities are if they do not treat it better it will soon develop a severe case of subscribers prostration.

We have heard it rumored that a reward is soon to be offered for the return, dead or alive, of certain officers of the Junior Law Class. It seems that some dread catastrophe has befallen these officers, they have not been heard from in several months and the members of the class are very much wrought up over the matter. They are, we are advised, considering the advisability of appointing a committee to select badges of mourning, and to draft resolutions of condolence, to be sent to the families of the respective officers.

The attention of all students is invited to the article in an other column entitled, "Dr. Whitman on New Year Resolutions." The article is well worth reading, but we call particular attention to it for the reason that we understand the faculty have in preparation some new resolutions in regard to the CALL. They will probably be generous enough to share them with the students at a subsequent time.

We do not take exception to anything the College editor has said in reply to the editorial in the last issue of the CALL. Our only wish is that our interrogator and the students of the College and other departments will keep up the good work, until there is a change wrought in the student body, or these questions are satisfactorily disposed of.

Again we hear of the Scientific School. There seems to be more life, ambition, energy and college fellowship in that department than has been manifest in all of the other departments of the University added together. They enjoy a pleasant evening every two weeks, laying aside for a brief period the arduous duties of the hour. They enter into the spirit of the affair with an enthusiasm worthy of imitation and carry through to a successful end the musical, literary, social and refreshing features of their programs. It would seem that something such as the scientific students have inaugurated would be a good thing for Columbian students generally. Social, political, departmental and all the other differences may be all alright (?) but can we not as Columbian University students lay them aside, at least temporarily, and by unit-

ing our forces get up an entertainment, banquet, hop, shakedown, or better, shakeup, that will not only rival but excel anything of the kind ever attempted by any student body in this or any other country?

Information is wanted as to the present whereabouts of the Columbian University Glee Club, recently organized. Persons having such information will confer a great favor on the CALL if they will kindly send particulars at once.

Does the merchant from whom you made your last purchase advertize in the CALL? Do you ever think to mention the CALL? Have you read the notice on the bulletin board about the CALL? Can you answer "yes" to these questions? If not, why not?

February 1st, is the date of publication for the next issue, but you will accommodate the management if you will send in your manuscript before the 26th inst.

THE FRESHMAN CLASS AND ITS ATTENDANT CIRCUMSTANCES.

[Reported by an eye witness.]

On Friday, the 30th inst., the halls of the University were disturbed by the first manifestation of class spirit which has been visible in the College this year. The occasion was a meeting of the freshman class for the election of officers, and since freshmen have no rights before the law or anywhere else, a select party of upper classmen determined to take a hand in the proceedings for the sake of a little amusement. So as soon as the members of 1901, were assembled in chapel, the other party took up its stand around the doors, with the intention of shutting the inmates up indefinitely. But standing guard outside a door soon becomes monotonous, and more active measures were resolved on. Through a door in the second story access was gained to the gallery, and here the whole party of upper classmen gathered to witness the proceedings on the floor. Many pieces of chalk were sent down from the gallery as evidence of interest in freshmen affairs; three zealous politicians came in for a mouthful of water apiece; and when an assessment of seven cents was voted by the class, the sophomores tossed small coins down to increase the sum of con-

tributions. The side remarks indulged in created much amusement in the gallery, if nowhere else, and the sophomores proved their friendly feelings by cheering all the newly elected officers, as well as all the other prominent members of the class. When the meeting seemed about to adjourn the spectators rose to go, and found to their horror and disgust that the tables were turned and that they were locked in. An assault was made on the door and the lock burst, and the sophomores rushed forth in search of the offenders. The latter began to mob the most obnoxious men, and the two parties came together on the stairs. No one was angry, but everyone felt a trifle excited, and the noise of combat was terrific. One of the young ladies happened to be on the staircase at that moment, and before she could escape was in the midst of the confusion. Just as about twenty freshmen jumped on top of the soph who threw the water, Dr. Huntington appeared, and after considerable trouble succeeded in calming the tumult. That ill feeling existed was shown by the conduct of the factions who mingled together in the most friendly manner, discussing the events of the past. The whole affair was a most delightful function, and opinions have been expressed that the oftener such things occur the better.

TO-DAY I'M TWENTY-ONE.

"To-day my skies are bright and fair,
The wind is free, the fresh pure air
Fans light my glowing frame,
And makes me thoughtful of the power
Which now is mine, though in one hour
Might pass from life again."

"My name, unsullied is to-day,
My mind is clear, and feels the sway
It has for good or bad;
Oh! God of mercy! keep me thus;
Oh! God of mercy! be Thou just,
Unto thy finished man."

"My footsteps lead o'er paths of good,
O'er fields of happiness, and should
I from Thee ever stray,
Be merciful to me, Oh! God!
Spoil not the child, but spare the rod
That takes my life away."

"My citizenship, Oh! ruling Lord!
Make sacred, as I walk the road
Among the clans of men;
Begin with justice all my deeds,
Lead me Thy way, supply my needs
The pauper to befriend."

"Philanthropy's sweet angels see
And guide my coming years to Him
Who reigns 'Eternal Sun';
Hear Thou my hope, hear Thou my prayer,
Thy robe I don, Thy robe I wear
To-day—I'm twenty-one."

—EDITH.

University Notes.

COLLEGE NOTES.

The editor-in-chief seems to think that he has met with two very difficult questions. But they appear to us not so puzzling. The first may be answered by saying that there can be no enthusiasm unless the students are more often brought together. What surprises us is that anyone with ordinary perception could not answer the question for himself.

The other interrogation, which seems to bid fair to being very soon the cause of making the editor-in-chief a fit subject for St. Elizabeth's, is "Can you tell why the college, as a department, never seems to take any interest in any general movement of the student body or why they do not inaugurate something among themselves which in substance would show that they are a factor in and a part of Columbian University?" The ignorance of the interrogator is astounding. We defy anyone to show any general movement of the student body in which the College has not done its part in proportion to its numbers (excepting, of course, those instances where there has been special reasons for non-activity, one, at least, of which we will cite below). Furthermore, the College does inaugurate some things. The CALL itself owes its birth to a student of the College.

The editor-in-chief has explained, in private conversation, that his seeming sarcasm was meant only as pleasantry. It has been suggested that the paucity of subscribers provoked his editorial. This perhaps is false. This calls to mind the citation mentioned above. The reason why the number of subscribers is small is that the College has been treated very unjustly for the last two years by the preceding editor. It is unnecessary to go into details. When the CALL has proved itself to be the impartial paper which it is and also has raised its standard of excellence, then the College students will not be slow in their support.

What the interrogator wished to imply is not a true state of affairs, and, therefore, the poignancy of the question is removed. That is to say the College is no slower in general action than any other of the departments of the University.

This acute observer's ignorance is further demonstrated by the fact that the enthusiastic spirit of the students is very much on the increase, a circumstance that anyone who knows anything about the affairs of the student body will acknowledge. That this is the case in

the College, in a large degree, I need only to cite the recent fracas between the freshmen and some members of the other classes. (The faculty may not agree that this is just the *right* spirit.)

There is among us, too much of just that spirit which provoked the above question, that is, the feeling which constantly prompts a desire to make some cutting distinction between the several departments. If our interrogator really wished to promote a better feeling he could have gained his purpose in a much more satisfactory way if he had not couched his question in such insinuating language.

Yet the fact remains, that as a University, we do not always show an over-whelming amount of enthusiasm. This is nowhere more apparent than in reference to the feeling toward the CALL. We, of the College, now that the paper has a new management which is not at all responsible for the previous editor's injustice, should be willing to let bygones be bygones; and we should not cry out against the quality of the paper when it is in our power to make the quality.

Miss Gertrude E. Metcalf has kindly consented to accept the co-editorship of the College.

The Enosinian Literary and Debating Society gave its annual Christmas entertainment and banquet on the Friday afternoon preceding the holidays. The program of the former, which was given in the chapel of the University, consisted of: an address by President Whitman; piano solos, Mr. Thatcher Clark; "sermon" in costume, Mr. Reid Clark; song, "The Dying Rose," Miss Frances Jacobs; reading, "Jerome K. Jerome on Babies," Miss Grace I. Ross; reading of an original article, Miss Gertrude E. Metcalf, and banjaeurine solos, Miss Henrietta C. Morrison. At the conclusion of the program the company was invited to the graduate room which was tastefully decorated, thanks to the Scientific school which kindly left their greenery for our use, after their "Stygian Revival," whatever that may have been. After refreshing ourselves on the repast provided by the society, toasts were responded to by Mr. Hobson, on "Our President"; Mr. Main, "Our New Dean"; Miss Metcalf, "Our Faculty", answered by Prof. Lodge; "The Columbian Boys," Miss Pennywitt; "The Columbian CALL," Miss Wright; "Parliamentary Law," Prof. Gore; "Enosinian Society," Mr. Beatty.

The ice cream served in the graduate room at the banquet has made it so cold that Dr. Swisher and his history class have migrated to the president's room to stay until the temperature rises.

Prof. Schoenfeld has returned from Cuba where he had gone to gather information for a publishing house in Leipzig.

The College congratulates Prof. Munroe upon his new honors, which he will doubtless wear as gracefully as the many which he has won in the past.

The members of the senior class organized and elected their officers on Thursday last, the result of their election being:

President, Mr. Reid P. Clark; vice-president, Miss Mary S. Hinman; secretary, Miss Elise Bradford; treasurer, Mr. Thatcher Clark; poet, Miss Georgie Sanderlin; historian, Miss Gertude E. Metcalf; prophet, Mr. Albert R. Stuart; orator, Mr. Christian G. Storm.

Committee on Class Pin and Colors: Misses Jacobs and Bradford, and Mr. Hoover. Committee on Ways and Means: Messrs Clark and Harlan, and Miss Sanderlin.

A week ago last Wednesday morning, a general attendance of College students in the chapel was requested by President Whitman, for "some words of censure, of admonition, and of exhortation." Under the last head it was suggested that each class choose a committee of two to meet a committee of the faculty for the purpose of discussing plans to make chapel service more interesting. The committee, consisting of Mr. Fuller and Miss Murray, Mr. Keller and Miss Robinette, Mr. Raybold and Miss Draper, and Mr. Clark and Miss Metcalf, were chosen. The committee met in the president's room on Thursday last, to confer with Dr. Whitman, Prof. Huntington, and Prof. Gore. Several plans were suggested and are under consideration.

LAW NOTES.

Those who attended the dance given last winter by the law class of '98 will be pleased to learn that arrangements are being made by that class for another dance. A committee consisting of Messrs. Selhausen, Wright, Tindall, Robinson, and Crist has been appointed to take the matter in charge. It is proposed to give this dance in the latter part of January or early in February.

Mr. Justice Harlan has just finished a systematic quizz on the subject of Torts and has begun lecturing on Personal Property. He states, however, that he will continue the quizz on Torts until he has thoroughly reviewed the subject and given every one, including the juniors an opportunity to answer a question.

Prof. Lee Davis Lodge is lecturing on International Law. At the end of the scholastic

year he gives a competitive examination, which is open to all, for which a cash prize of twenty-five dollars is given to the one who best acquits himself.

At a meeting of the senior class held last Friday Charles T. Carter was elected to fill the vacancy on the class executive committee, caused by the resignation of John C. Dabney.

The necessity of being trained in the art of debate and argumentation is universally recognized by thinking men. No young lawyer can have any standing at the bar unless he is able to persuade the court and jury in favor of his client when he has a reasonable case. While our law school is admirably equipped in many respects, the work of the debating society is insufficient for the three hundred odd students as only eighty opportunities are offered to deliver a carefully prepared discourse in regular debate during the scholastic year. To in part overcome this difficulty, a few of the students have organized a new debating society, limited to a membership of twenty, called the Hamiltonian Debating Society. Debaters are required to file briefs of arguments, and aside from facts introduced in rebuttal, will not be allowed to introduce subject matter foreign to briefs. Members of the faculty and other prominent gentlemen are expected to act, as critics, and it is expected that the training given the members of this society will be of great service in later years.

The regular monthly meeting of the Virginia Club was held on last Wednesday in the post graduate hall. The resignation of Mr. J. C. Dabney, president of the club, was regretfully accepted and it was decided to hold a special meeting to-morrow, Wednesday, at which time his successor will be elected. It has been decided to give a smoker on the last Friday in January.

MEDICAL DEPARTMENT.

The holidays have come and gone; we of the Medical School have passed that most prominent landmark of our years' journey and are plodding along the homestretch toward the goal of the final examinations, which loom up on the distant horizon as a dark cloud no bigger than a man's hand, but which assumes cyclonic proportions as the short intervening weeks roll on. It is to be presumed that the usual firmly made resolutions to study during the holidays were broken; as the few days passed rapidly by, the pile of text-books and notes upon our shelves grew more and more, formidable and uninviting, and we tried to assure ourselves that, after all, it was pro-

bably better to follow the advice given us by our professors and throw physics to the dogs for the time being.

It was with genuine sorrow that, upon our return to college after the holidays, we learned of the death of the janitor of our school, Daniel Connor, familiarly known as "Dan" to generations of students. He had been with the Medical school twenty years or more, during which time he had been deservedly a favorite with faculty and students, and all of us heartily concurred in Dr. King's brief eulogy of Dan's character and faithful services. Requiescat!

Ohio is not the only community having a somewhat disturbed state of affairs politically; the Medical class has had its tangled skein to unravel and the process is not yet complete. The bone of contention is the effort of the fourth year class to withdraw from the general class organization. The probable motive and the peculiar circumstances surrounding the move, aroused the ire of the junior classmen, who appointed a committee to investigate. As a result, at the last regular class meeting, a letter from the dean, addressed to both factions, was read, in which the scheme of the fourth year was severely scored and the general class organization upheld. This bombshell has quieted things considerably and it is probable that the old regime will stand. It is admitted that many of the arguments advanced by the senior class are strong and if the faculty had been consulted and the movement broached before general class officers were elected, it is probable that the plan would have been carried out, but the inopportune time of the effort and the embarrassing position of the recently elected class officers gave rise to the opposition on the part of the junior classmen.

SCIENTIFIC.

The students of the Department of Romance Languages will be glad to learn that Prof. Ramsey, with his usual industry and commendable self-denial, has devoted his Christmas holidays to the adornment of his sanctum. The floor has been beautified by a coat of stain and a couple of rugs; new chairs have been introduced, gotten somehow from the Ex-"Prep," and softened with cushions for the benefit of favored visitors; a new mantel-piece, stained green (that the freshmen in front of him may appear modified in hue, perhaps); a new hatrack, over which hangs two college flags; and a typewriter stand has appeared, and it is rumored that the typewriter—a very pretty one—is engaged, (we don't know to whom, however).

It is said that one day, while the Professor was on his knees and in his shirt-sleeves, planing his floor, the door opened and a tall gentleman wearing a silk hat and a Chemical Society badge looked in. "Oh, ah," said the stranger, "are you employed about the building regularly?" "Yes, most of the time," said Prof. Ramsey, as he blew some shavings out of his plane. "I suppose you don't know about the movements of the members of the faculty," continued he of the tall hat. "No, not very much," was the reply; whereupon the interrogator expressed regret at not being able to find someone who could tell him where to find Prof. Fireman.

An apology is due the committee of the Columbian Corcoran Society for the very pleasant entertainment which they presented on the evening of December 18th, and which was not reported. The Tableaux and Charades were well executed and excited much applause from the large audience. Those taking part were Misses O'Neal, Fryer, Cameron, and Messrs. Hillyer, Boyle, Cross, Crowell, and Mouldon.

The committee consisted of Miss West, Miss Fryer, and Mr. Thornlee.

Though the night without was dark and rainy, a merry crowd gathered in the post graduate hall on Saturday evening last. The occasion was the third entertainment of the Columbian Corcoran Society. Adjectives would lack if it were attempted to give each participant the praise due. Miss Bayley and Mr. Dalby gave readings; Miss Morrison talked to us on the Banjarine; Mr. Beatty gave two piano solos; Mrs. Bayley delighted the audience with her rich mezzo soprano voice; and Mr. Kembell sang two baritone solos.

The audience were completely satisfied, but the committee were prepared with a "bakers' dozen" and determined to "more than satisfy." Ice cream and cakes had been provided and were soon served. Under the influence of this pleasant collation, tongues were loosened, and all talked, joked, and laughed as one large family. One looking in upon this happy assemblage, could hardly believe these were a portion of the hard working students of the Scientific School. Yet such was the case, and many went to their home to "burn the midnight oil" in getting out their Monday's lessons. We are glad to see there are some students of the Scientific School who have not had all the sentiment and joyousness ground out of their lives. The committee, Misses Merillat, Cameron, and Mr. Crowell are to be thanked for arranging so pleasant an evening.

Thursday evening, December 23, the stu-

dents of the Scientific School celebrated the arrival of the holidays by a Christmas entertainment. At nine o'clock they assembled in the post-graduate hall, and were at once invited to try two new college songs written for the occasion. These songs were written by Mrs. McCullough and Miss Edith Pratt, and were received with much approval. Invitations had been extended to a "Stygian Reunion," which now proved to be a representation of a gathering of the spirits of many famous personages who have passed beyond the Styx. Hamlet and Macbeth appeared to have recovered from their melancholy and despair, and Napoleon and Josephine had evidently made up their earthly differences. The renewing of "old acquaintance" in this way was productive of much merriment, and rivalled the famous "House-Boat on the Styx." After a social half hour among the shades, an element of the modern world was introduced in the person of Santa Claus, who distributed the many gifts, with which a Christmas tree was loaded, amid much fun and jollity.

DENTAL.

The Dental Department has reason to be proud of the recent appointment of Dr. Wilmer S. Hall to be Demonstrator of the newly organized Washington Dental College. Dr. Hall it will be remembered was honorable mention man of the class of '96. After a years' practice in his native state, Georgia, he returned to this city. Dr. Hall's classmates and the Faculty wish him great success in his new field. Dr. Lewis will for the rest of the term lecture upon "The Metals" and their use in Dentistry.

Dr. Hagan has decided to continue his lectures on Oral Surgery. According to the catalogue these lectures were to cease at the Christmas holidays, but a petition of the senior men brought Dr. Hagan to the above decision.

The manager of the Glee, Mandolin, Guitar, and Banjo Club might find some excellent material in this department.

COLUMBIAN WOMEN.

A large and enthusiastic meeting was held by "The Columbian Women," in the post graduate room of the University, on Monday last. The business transacted was of special importance, the chief topic of discussion being the "Lucy Stone Scholarship Fund." Through the efforts of Miss F. E. Throckmorton and her committee, this fund, founded as a memorial to Lucy Stone Blackwell, the

first women to successfully complete a college course, has increased to a sum large enough to warrant the association, to begin, in an humble way, the work of assisting some young women in her efforts to obtain collegiate advantages. Until the necessary two thousand dollars is obtained, the fund will be known as "The Lucy Stone Trust Loan," and through its committee and the treasurer of the University, will soon begin its mission, from which may it be truly realized that, "it blesseth him that gives and him that takes."

A plan suggested by the executive committee to bring into closer union the young woman of the different schools of the University, alumnae, and wives of the various faculties, met with hearty co-operation and the resolution offered, to make the general work of the association, coincident with one of the many needs of the University, was received with true "alma mater" spirit. What that work will be remains for another meeting to decide, but be it hospital work, library assistance, scholarship fund, or anything else, for its prosecution, no better material exists than can be found in the young women who have been and now are sheltered within the walls of old Columbian.

The officers of the Columbian Women are as follows: President, Miss A. S. Hazelton, '92; 1st Vice-President, Mrs. H. L. Hodgkins; 2d Vice-President, Miss Maud Duvall, '94; Secretary, Miss M. Agnes Clancey, C. S. S.; Treasurer, Mrs. D. K. Shute, '92 Medical School.

THE CIVIL SERVICE LAW UPHELD.

The third public debate of the Columbian Law School Debating Society was held in the University Hall on Saturday evening, January 15. The question for discussion was "Resolved, That the United should Abolish the Civil Service System." The fact that the audience was composed largely of people who are in the Government Service, and that the question is just now being agitated in Congress, made the debate unusually interesting, and not a few Congressmen and Senators were seen in the audience. On the affirmative were Messrs. W. Harrison, of Miss., W. L. Stamper, of Va., and C. D. Wescott, of the District of Columbia; on the negative, Messrs. M. G. Adams, of Ga., W. E. Sullivan, of Idaho, and A. H. Freeman, of Ga. Mr. Wescott, of the affirmative, being absent, Mr. Harrison was allowed a short rejoinder. The judges decided the question in favor of the negative, and were unanimous in the opinion that Mr. Adams deserved first honors and Mr. Sullivan second.

THE LAWYER'S GHOST STORY.

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 3.)

which added interest to the already beautiful face. She was attired in a simple but elegant costume of some plain garnet woolen stuff, and her abundant hair, of a rather dark shade of golden-brown, was gathered in a loose coil at the nape of her neck. After about an hour spent in pleasant conversation, my friend suggested that I accompany him to his library, where we could smoke and talk without constraint or interruption. Taking leave of my charming hostess, I followed Ned up the stairs and along a heavily carpeted passage, at the end of which we entered a cheerfully lighted room, furnished in walnut and crimson, in the highest degree of elegance and comfort. Offering me my choice of several brands of cigars, he touched an electric button concealed at the end of a crimson tassel, and in answer to the call a servant brought a silver tray bearing two glasses and a long bottle, which I found to contain a fruity Madeira that evidently antedated the vine-rot. Then, drawing up our chairs to the fire-place, for it was a chilly evening, he began as follows:

"Now Jack, when I have a story to tell, I like to begin at the beginning, and not like you novelist fellows, who start in the middle and then jump back and explain things. Well, about twenty-five years ago, this house was owned by a Mr. Atherton, a rich broker, who lived here with his wife, two daughters—Louise and Gertrude—and a widowed half-sister, Mrs. Isabelle Reynolds, who had a son, a worthless scape-grace, who was out west somewhere. Mrs. Atherton was a weakly woman, suffering from nervous prostration, induced by the exactions of society, and aggravated by the intense political excitement of the period. In the spring of 1864, her physician recommended her to try the tonic waters of Langenschwalbach, near Wiesbaden, hoping that at least the change of climate and scene would benefit her. Accordingly, in the month of June, of the same year, accompanied by her husband, and taking little Gertie, who was then three years of age, she sailed for Europe on the steamer "Oceanic," leaving Louise in charge of her aunt Isabelle.

"The summer passed without the degree of improvement that had been hoped for, and towards the first of November, the family removed to the department of Herault, on the Gulf of Lyons, in order to try the efficacy of the warm springs of La Maiou. Benefited either by the waters, the sea air, or the quiet seclusion of the place, Mrs. Atherton found herself able, at the end of the winter, to return to her home in New York.

"Perhaps you remember hearing of the loss of the Etruria that was sunk off the banks of Newfoundland in a collision with the Danish bark Kjaerborg on the 10th of April, 1865. On that vessel were Mr. and Mrs. Atherton and little Gertie. It had rained heavily the day before, and at nightfall this gave way to a dense fog, obscuring everything from view. The steamer had been proceeding cautiously all night, sounding the whistle at intervals. Towards dawn the vigilance of the officers was relaxed. Suddenly the lights of a vessel were seen bearing down upon them. The helm was immediately put hard up, but it was too late. The stem of the bark crashed through the port quarter, penetrating the after cabins. The greatest consternation ensued. It was seen that the vessel must inevitably sink, and the passengers were kept under hatches until the boats were lowered. In the meantime the Dane, damaged only in the bowsprit and stem-post, had hove to, and sent his boats to the rescue. With a few exceptions all on board were transferred to the Kjaerborg. Mr. Atherton, fearless and overconfident, in attempting to descend the ship's side unaided, lost his foothold in the darkness and perished. Mrs. Atherton, in the hurry and confusion, had been unable to find the child anywhere, and was forced by the sailors to enter the boat without her. The bark put back to Sydney, Cape Breton, for repairs, and to land the crew and passengers of the Etruria. It was found that only eleven were missing, so that the subjects of my story, in losing two out of a family of three paid an unusual tribute to the insatiable ocean.

"Mrs. Atherton reached her home in a distress that you can better conceive than I can describe. The faint hope of receiving any tidings of her husband or child, grew less and less as weeks and months rolled by, and at length gave place to that peculiar form of melancholy which Esquirol terms lypemania, and which terminated her life in the following December.

"Louise Atherton was thus left the heiress to various property amounting to somewhat over a quarter of a million,—almost a fortune in those comparatively moderate days. She was at that time entering her twelfth year. Before sailing, Mr. Atherton had executed a will, by which, in the present state of the case, Mrs. Reynolds was left in charge of the property and the education of her niece, until the latter should marry, or reach the age of twenty-one. In the event of her death, the entire estate would pass to her aunt Isabelle. This was placing a great temptation in the

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 11.)

way of Mrs. Reynolds, and being of a scheming disposition, she was not slow in becoming influenced by it.

"Little need be said of Louise for the next six years, except that she employed her time in the usual studies and amusements of girls of her age and station. She had inherited from her father a large share of courage and resolution, and in due time made it appear that she was not to be deterred by trifles from the accomplishment of a purpose.

DR. WHITMAN ON NEW YEAR RESOLUTIONS.

Early in the new year the students of the College became aware that their presence was expected in the chapel to hear some matters of interest from the eloquent lips of the President, but it was not until Wednesday the 5th inst. that a sufficient number were gathered together.

A feeling of hushed expectancy was plainly discernable in the student body when Dr. Whitman advanced to the front of the platform. He commenced by saying that the New Year was the time-honored period for formulating good resolutions, and added that the faculty had made quite a number and being of a generous disposition wished to share them with the students. He said in preface that if he were going to preach a sermon he would divide his remarks into three heads: A word of censure, a word of admonition, and a word of exhortation; but he thought there was no need of doing this as the student would make this division for themselves as he went along. He then called attention to a certain carelessness with regard to personal effects, which had resulted in quite a number of losses being reported, small in themselves but none the less aggravating. He particularly urged upon the ladies the advisability of being provided with numerous pockets. He could not understand, he said, how it was possible to live without pockets, he had some fifteen about his person, all in use, and yet he had no doubt that some of the ladies lacked even a single one. If women's rights which were being advocated by females of both sexes, were ever to become recognized, the ladies must prove their equality by compelling their dressmakers to allow them pockets.

In the next point to which he was to call attention, he continued, the men had been the principal delinquents and upon this remark a sigh of relief was exhaled from twenty feminine breasts, when they thought of the things he might have said but had passed unnoticed. It seemed perhaps to the student's mind, the President said, that to stay away from

class once in a while was a matter of small moment, but these absences had serious weight in the class standing at the end of the term. It had happened before and, if care were not taken, might happen again for a student to find himself debarred from examination on account of the long list of absences standing to his discredit. He exhorted the students to look to their record of absences, for the faculty had already been looking to it. Moreover, bodily presence was not the only essential, but students should bring to the class room minds carefully prepared on the subjects of the lesson.

Another point upon which the faculty had formed good resolutions, was that students were no longer to be detained beyond the allotted class period. There were fixed hours for the beginning of each class and students were expected to meet these appointments, as they would be expected in after life to be punctual to their business engagements. Dr. Whitman held his audience spell bound for fully twenty minutes, listening to these and other remarks of similar character, and it is quite likely that, contrary to the usual fate of New Year resolutions, those of the College faculty will be kept!

NICK.

GRADUATE CLUB CONVENTION.

The Graduate Club of Columbian University was represented at the convention of the Federation of Graduate Clubs, held at Chicago, December 30 and 31, by Mr. Percival Hall and the writer. The Federation is composed of the Graduate Clubs of the most prominent colleges and universities in this country.

The following are some of the institutions that were represented at the recent convention: Harvard, Yale, Brown, Chicago, Cornell, Columbia, Columbian, Leland Stanford, Vanderbilt, Barnard, Radcliff, Western Reserve, North Western, and the Universities of Michigan, Missouri, Pennsylvania, and Wisconsin.

Some of the subjects discussed were as follows: The relation of Philosophy to other Graduate Studies, Uniform Requirements for the Ph. D. Degree, Major and Minor Subjects, Printing of Thesis, Honorary Degrees, Fellowships, Migration, and The Graduate Club.

The visiting delegates were entertained as guests of the University of Chicago, and the convention was held in Haskell Hall. The reception given the delegates on the evening of the 30th by the Graduate Club of the University of Chicago, and the luncheon given the convention the 31st, by President Harper were occasions of much social enjoyment.

The next convention will be held with the Harvard Club.

—GEO. A. ROSS.

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